

Holy smokes!

'10 COMMANDMENTS' cigarettes inside

WIZ

Issue 86

PAUL
WHICKER
THE TALL
VICAR

£1.50

Not for sale to children (US \$3.75)

MILLIE
TANT

FAT
SLAGS

Traitors! How DARE you appear on the cover of this degrading, stoutist magazine allowing infantile, phallocratic men-monsters to put lesbophobic words into your mouths, thinly veiled as irony, in order to get a cheap laugh at the expense of wimminkind?

Hey! Watch it San. That fat fanny nosher's after your chips

ISSN 0952-7966

86 >



RAVEY DAVEY GRAVY
SID THE SEXIST

couchtripper.com

Plus FINBARR SAUNDERS & HIS DOUBLE ENTENDRES

Ham Shanklin Mint presents

THE LEGENDARY 'FABERGE' MUSICAL DOG'S EGG



It plays a medley of dog lovers tunes, including "Love Me Love My Dog", "Hound Dog" and "Puppy Love".



The body of the 'Richard' is curled, and its end beautifully 'snipped off', as if freshly laid by a passing dog. The egg is accurately modelled on the droppings of the Bull Mastiff, the favoured hound among Russian royalty in the 18th Century.

For the first time a musical collector 'dog's egg' created in the opulent Faberge tradition, capturing magnificently the magic of a fouled footpath.



The mahogany used in the plinth and lollipop stick is taken from a sustainable source of slash and burn rain forest the size of Wales every day.

Britain, a nation of dog lovers; Russia, renowned for its tradition of finely sculpted Faberge collectors eggs. Ham Shanklin Mint have masterfully blended our national obsession with shit machines and overpriced ornamental tat to create the ultimate *objet de merde* - a lasting monument to your love of dogs, your attraction to cheap, shiny things and your breath taking lack of aesthetic taste or financial acumen. The beauty of a freshly laid canine masterfully captured in loving detail, crafted in finest Playdough and lavishly artist-accentuated in Halford's touch-up silver. The mess is becluttered with sparkling bluebottles and crowned with a hand crafted polished mahogany lollipop stick, as if whimsically stuck there by a bored street urchin. Pull the stick and the charming melodies play. So life-like you can almost smell its overpowering odour, the *Faberge Musical Dog's Egg* is offered exclusively at the faux affordable price of £185.

YOUR GUARANTEE

If you're not entirely rendered bankrupt by your purchase please let us know within 30 days and we will bombard you with further offers until you quite literally can't get your front door open.



Post to:
Faberge Dog's Egg Offer, c/o Ham Shanklin Mint Ltd.
c/o A1 Car stereo & MOT Centre, Railway Arches, Peckham.

Well, everything I've bought from you in the past has been shit, so I may as well buy this one. But first the humiliation of having to politely ask for permission to buy it.

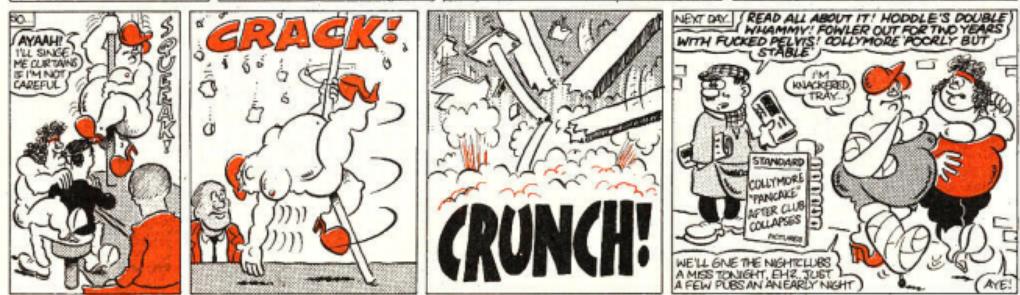
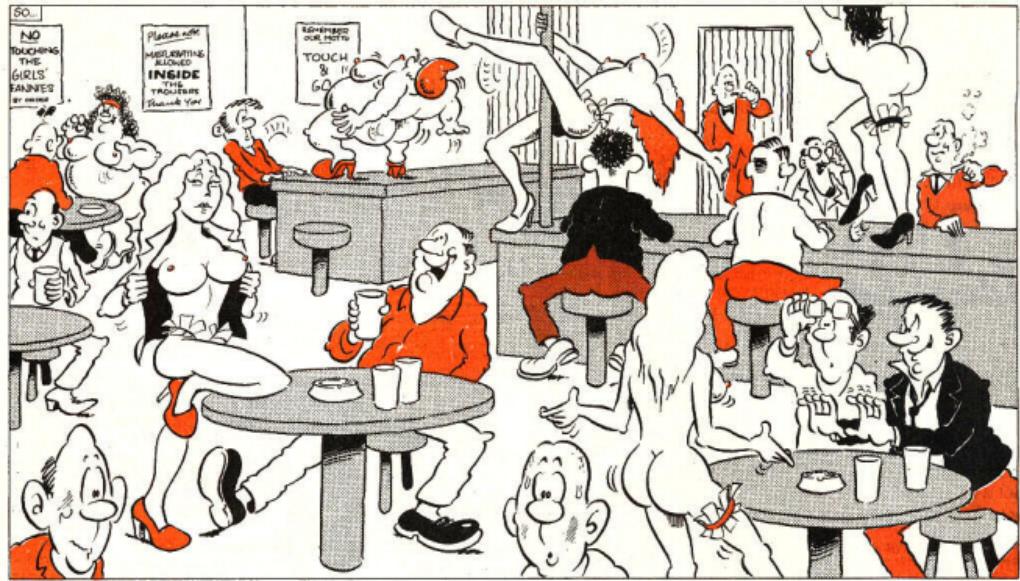
Please accept my order for the *Faberge Musical Dog's Egg*.

Name of mantle piece owner _____

Address of mantle piece _____

Post code _____

Offers subject to acceptance. Price is shown smaller than actual size. Approximately 24 monthly payments of £162.50 will be invoiced in sterling currency on the finest paper and posted to you in hand sealed envelopes, each bearing your own individual name and address. Credit terms available - ask for psychiatric help.



Contents

Fat Slags 5
Letterbooks & Top Tips 7

Millie Tant 17

Roger Mellie 19

Donald Sinden in

'There goes my knighthood' 22

Spoilt Bastard 23

Max Power 24

'The Price of Love' 26

Ravey Davy 28

Modern Parents 30

Sid the Sexist 35

Luvvie Darling 36

The Tree Musketeers 41

Finbar Saunders 42

Paul Whicker 43

Jack Black 45

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says that starting in

December we can have the comic printed on proper paper, just like the Big Issue. And he's also letting us give away a free speaking book - stuck to the cover of the December issue - and paying for us to go to a foot-ball match. Hooray for John.

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Letterbooks

Double standards

It's Britain's bestes/letters page,

It's **brave**, it's **BOLD**, it's **BRIGHT**!

And no doubt you can guess the rest

Yes, **LETTERBOOKS** - it's *shite*

Write today! There's a year's free subscription plus a copy of our brand new **FULL TOSS** annual for every letter we print. (And money too, if your name is John Tait and you live in Thropton).

TOP TIP

RECORD the free 10 minute trailer for the adult channel every night for ten days. Hey presto! A full length, sizzling, red hot, erotic, adult movie. And a dam sight more exciting than any of the shit available from dirty video shops.

I. P. Freely

Waverton, Chester

□ You fucking bastards. You did it again.

Paul Brown
London SE13

□ Yah. I'll go along with that.

R. Rat
Paris

Johann van Florist
Amsterdam

□ In response to your response to Peter Brooks' response to Mr Madai's letter (Viz 85), you offer as a prize a "five-in-a-bed-sex-romp" with top wrist action pop combo the Spice Girls. Bearing in mind the recipient will count as one, and there are five girls in the band, who gets left out? (After seeing them with Gary Lineker in that crisp advert, I'd be hoping the fuck it was me.)

Kieran Matthew
Croydon

□ Has anybody bothered to tell PG Tips that their revolutionary new tea bags are not in fact pyramids, but tetrahedrons. Perhaps they chose the name pyramid because the tea tastes like thousand year old mummies' piss.

Mrs I.M.A. Pedant
Cyberspace

□ I spotted this souvenir shop in Las Vegas, USA. You've got to admire their honesty.

Unfortunately their refreshing approach to advertising didn't pay off, as the shop has closed down.

Heather Deane-Caine
Los Angeles

Tinky**Wanky**

□ Regarding Spoilt Bastard (Viz 85). Allow me to join the thousands of Viz readers who are writing, in a detached, ironical sort of way, naturally, to point out that in *Teletubbies* it is Dipsy who wears that hat. Tinky Winky, of course, carries the handbag.

David Bird
E mail

* No David. You were the only one.

TOP TIP

RECORD the sound of your washing machine onto a tape, then confuse neighbours by playing it back on a battery operated cassette player during a power cut.

Howard Urmey
Amersham
Leo Sayer country



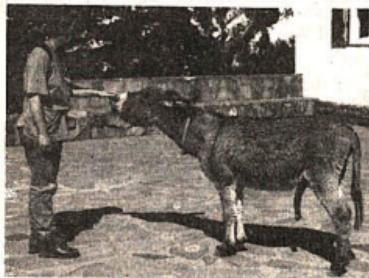
□ Hats off to everyone who has contributed to breaking down the Earth's ozone layer. Thanks to their efforts we've enjoyed yet another, hot summer. The sooner boffins can get rid of the rest of the ozone layer, the better. Then we'll have sunshine all year round.

A.H.
Belfast

King Dong-key

Further to Ed Sylvester's letter about big nostrils (issue 85). I spotted this German back packer performing nasal sex on a consenting donkey with fucking enormous nostrils in Liechtenstein recently. Lisa Stansfield and Frank Bruno eat your hearts out! Incidentally, if you look closely it's got quite a big cock as well.

J. Loftis
Principality of Liechtenstein



Advertisers claim that chewing gum is good for your teeth because it makes you produce more saliva, the natural protection for your teeth. Then how come Opal Fruits, which are made to make your mouth water, make your teeth rotten?

Tim Williams
Newport

If the Fonz is so cool, why does he hang around with fuckwits like Cunningham, Potsy and Ralph Malph?

Robert Scott
Spalding, Lincs.

TOP TIP

FAT CAT business executives. Compare the cost of ten minutes of your time with a dry cleaning bill for your trousers. You may find it is cheaper to shit in your pants and simply carry on working (then have them dry cleaned later), rather than stopping work and wasting ten precious moments going to the lavatory.

H. J.
Isle of Arran

TOP TIP

NEXT time you go drink driving ask a friend or relative to follow you on a moped carrying a camera. Then, if you crash, they can take the blame.

Bastien Phelps
Bath

Why do Japanese TV manufacturers deem it necessary to have a display on television sets that show us how loud the volume is? Surely people are capable of listening to the volume and deciding how loud it is for themselves.

Fintan Coyle
E mail

Flash of quim

Further to the exciting Quim pub in Barcelona, pictured in the last issue. I bought the enclosed pack of Quim camera film in Spain recently. The box boasts "36 exposures" so I hurried to the chemist to have it developed. Imagine my disappointment to find not a single snatch shot. Instead of 36 hairy havens, the entire film turned out to be blank.

Brian Seward
Oxford



Never mind tatty Spanish Quims that smell of cigarettes. Here's an immaculate German Minge. No, it's not an upmarket public hairdressing parlour. It's actually a high class fashion boutique in Dresden.

R.D. Gardner
Freistaat Sachsen
Bundesrepublik
Deutschland



You don't see many quims in the News of the World, so I was pleasantly surprised when I caught a glimpse of both a quim and a snatch in their Sunday magazine TV listings for 31 August (enclosed).

Peter Jolly
Norwich

TOP TIP

right across the Atlantic in 1937.

With George C Scott and Anne Bancroft ★★ 56197865

Dr Quim Another snatch of medical

life from frontier America 2787696

5.40 Headliners (T) 605054

6.10 Central News and Weather

(T) 503783

The Beaver Vending Group

Why are there so many quims in Manchester? This factory unit in Trafford Park may provide the answer.

N.J. Higham
Eccles

Beef internet curtains

Recently I used this 'internet' thing to get on a mailing list for red headed women, in the hope of seeing some ginger minge. But all I've done is met a bunch of other spotty, fat, pale computer nerds also hoping to get their hands on ginger minge. I've got a good mind to switch the cutting computer off and just go to the pub.

Derek Knox
E mail
Sydney, Australia



I spotted Jimmy Hill having a pint in the pub in Stag Knight about two issues ago. Do I win £1 million?

The 'Sunshine Kid'
Gorton, Manchester

* Yes, but you forgot to give us your full address. So we burnt it all.

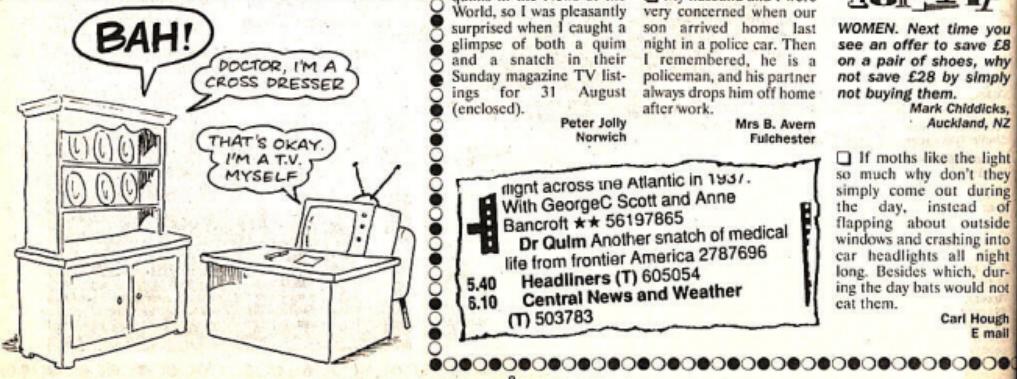
TOP TIP

WOMEN. Next time you see an offer to save £8 on a pair of shoes, why not save £28 by simply not buying them.

Mark Chiddicks,
Auckland, NZ

If moths like the light so much why don't they simply come out during the day, instead of flapping about outside windows and crashing into car headlights all night long. Besides which, during the day bats would not eat them.

Carl Hough
E mail



Tart gallery

□ I wonder whether any of your readers have noticed the remarkable similarity between top TV sci-fi toady Gillian Anderson, and Pablo Picasso's 1937 portrait of Dora Maar?

Peter Barnes
Oxford University

* I doubt it. They're all too thick.

TOP TIP

MUMS. Don't pay a £1 deposit to use supermarket shopping trolleys. Invest in a sturdy garden wheelbarrow. They're far more manoeuvrable, and you can also use them to carry shopping into the house from your car.

Melvyn Wright
Leicester

□ The other night my husband failed to arrive home from work. Two hours passed, then at about 8 o'clock a policeman knocked at the door. I was dreading the worst, until I remembered. My husband is a policeman, and he had simply stopped off at the pub for a quick drink on his way home. Er...and forgotten his keys.

Mrs J. Outhouse
Fulchester

Receding airline

□ British Airways has spent a fortune redecorating its aircraft, dumping its Union Jack-inspired livery, and re-inventing itself as the "Globally Friendly" airline, trying to deny the airways' British ownership. But as long as they continue to serve their disgusting pot-boiled, pork-based in-flight meals, subject us to ancient editions of *The Two Ronnies* as in-flight 'entertainment', us foreigners will continue to identify British Airways as being as Pommy as a Tory sex scandal.

Converve
V.O.B.A. (Victims of British Airways)
Australia

TOP TIP

FELLAS. Get off the hook when your wife or girlfriend catches you looking at another woman by tutting and saying, "I can't believe that outfit she's wearing".

CMELtd
E mail

□ I met this bird last night with massive jugs. I didn't shag her though, cos she's already going out with this bloke who's dead hard.

Darren Johnson
E mail
N.S.W., Australia

* Why not write and tell us what YOU did last night. Write to *'What I did last night'* at our usual address.

Alex is snooker Ace



□ Has anyone else noticed the similarity between snooker supremo Alex "Hurricane" Higgins and Viz's thirsty family man, 8 Ace? I spotted certain parallels in this Guardian article of 16th August.

The incident apparently followed a row between the couple after Mr Higgins turned up at the two-bedroom house where he lives in a caravan in the garden. "He was shouting and swearing like mad but more than an hour later was back, and, according to neighbours, engaged in a furious row."

"He heard a lot of shouting and then a woman yelling at him to 'get out'."

"She pushed him through the door. We could see blood all over the place."

The police discovered him later behind a hedge in a nearby garden.

In another

I wonder if, by any chance, they are related?

Charles Dean
London W14

□ In reply to Mr Pedant (this issue, page 7). The geometrical definition of a pyramid is a solid contained by a square, triangular or polygon base; and a corresponding number of triangular sides which meet at the top, or vertex. Pyramids can therefore have any number of sides. However the vertex of a pyramid is required to finish in a point, as opposed to a shifty, half arsed seam. So technically speaking PG Tips new tea bags are not pyramids.

Prof. B. Encyclopedica
Vol. 8.
The bookshelf

□ Do you have any plans to change Student Grant's name now that students no longer enjoy a free three year sojourn at the tax payer's expense?

Oswald Boelke
Preston

* No.

Inarticulated lorry driver

□ In reply to S. Davis-Group of Wirral (issue 85). You car drivers piss us off by doing 50mph in the middle lane, not altering your speed and direction from the nearside lane when you see a lorry joining the motorway and if you see a lorry coming slow right down and keep touching your brakes. Tricks like that give us a good excuse to knock your stupid 1.5 tonne cars right off the road with our 38 tonne hunk of steel. With any luck the police won't find you in the ditch for a few days.

A. Lorry-Driver
Widnes

* Spoken like a true Knight of the Road.

TOP TIP

LADS. Why not make summer festivals that little bit more exciting for the 150 people standing behind you by putting your fucking girlfriend on your shoulders.

J. Tull
Seedy Rhyll

"Magic bumhole if you're able, fart some numbers 'neath the table. Let those numbers represent, back issues that can be sent. (To the readers)"

"Lovely lady legs apart, just for you a magic fart... brapp!"



39	40	53	
54	56	59	60
61	62	63	64
65	66	67	70
72	73	76	
77	78	80	81
85	82	83	84

Phooar-poooo!!! That's what I call rumpy pumpy! The lady with the magic arse has let off beneath the cabbage table - but her odorous emission is good news for fans of Viz! For her cabbage cloud contains the numbers of back issues of Viz which are still available by post. If you can put up with the pong, circle the issue numbers that you require, then fill in your details below and send the entire form to us, together with a cheque or postal order. Back issues cost £1.50 each plus postage (Add 50p postage for 1 comic, £1 for 5 or less, and £1.50 for 6 or more). Overseas customers please add 20% of whatever total you've arrived at so far, and pay in sterling with a cheque drawn on a UK bank. (Assuming you've got one. If you haven't, don't worry. The back issues aren't very funny anyway).

Tick one of the following two boxes. If you tick the second box and are paying by credit card, please fill in the thin big oblong box with your credit card number, then fill in your expiry date and card type. (If you do not know your expiry date, ask your doctor).

If you have ticked the first box and are paying by cheque or postal order, you may wish to draw windows on the third box to make it look like a train.

I enclose a cheque/postal order payable to John Brown Publishing Limited.

What the fuck. Shove it on my credit card and I'll worry about it later.

Expiry date _____ Card type _____

Your name and address _____

Post code _____

Send this completed form to Viz Orders, Customer Interface, Bradley Pavilions, Bradley Stoke North, Bristol, BS32 0PP Telephone credit card orders can be made on (01454) 202515. (Make a note of this address/phone number below you post the form). If you don't want to use this form, please use a copy of your order neatly on a sheet of A4 paper (the size of this page). Remember to include the issue numbers you want, your name and address and a cheque or postal order for the correct amount (or your credit card number, type and expiry date). Please allow 20 working days for delivery (as 28 if you're an NHS doctor or nurse).

Tops of the pops

□ There has been a lot of concern expressed recently about young children drinking "alcopops". Surely the answer would be for the breweries to fit child proof tops to the bottles, thus preventing youngsters from getting access to these so-called "Devil's brews".

Gertie Liverpool

TOP TIP

KIDS. Take a bag full of helium gas to Woolworths. Fill it with pick-and-mix sweets. Not only will the sweets weigh less, and therefore cost less, you'll also get a squeaky voice when you eat them.

Edward Hastings Banstead, Surrey

Sham rag

□ Further to your explosive Asda price label (issue 85 and subsequently The Star newspaper), I enclose another example of the store's contribution to the Plain English Campaign.

Anon. Westcott, Surrey

ASDA Jam Rags with Wings
Perfect for Rag Week

69p

* Thanks to all the other readers with access to supermarket pricing and labelling equipment who thoughtfully bombarded us with rude stickers. There simply wasn't room to print them all.

TOP TIP

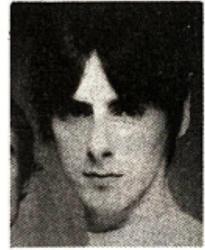
HUNT saboteurs. Now Labour are banning hunting, divert your attention to the cruel sport of "Kilroy" where smarmy, well-dressed TV presenters rip apart slow, stupid people with the help of a baying crowd of unemployed riff-raff in front of a nationwide TV audience of riff-raff and unemployed.

A.E. Miller Caterham

□ Never mind your recent 'Top Tips' dispute. McDonalds are now beating you at your own game. Your spoof Sunday Supplement 'collectables' ads may be quite funny, but they're not nearly as funny as this genuine offer produced by McDonalds in the U.S. (See right)

Tony Keefe
Pepita Larralde
USA

Jam wag



□ How is anyone supposed to win your multiple choice competitions if you wankers can't even get the answers right? (Competitions, issue 85). Paul Weller did NOT go all around the world looking for "Yoo-oo-oo-oo-oooh". He went all around the world looking for "New-oo-oo-oo-oooh.... Youth explosion", whatever the fuck that's supposed to mean. Perhaps I could take this opportunity to ask Mr Weller whether he ever did find any exploding youths?

Liam O'Driscoll
Leicester

Jam slag

□ Paul Weller wasn't looking for clues, Linda nor indeed "Yoo-oo-oo-oooh! Yoo-oo-oo-oooh!" He was looking for "new". Exactly how second rate cover versions of Motown classics represented "new" he declined to inform us.

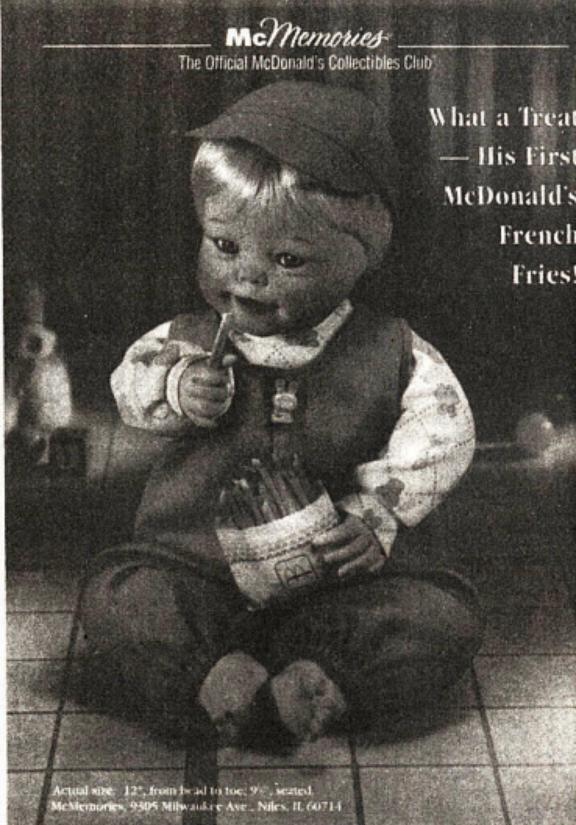
Gary Waters
Dublin

□ A sensible way to dissuade "asylum seekers" from arriving in this country would be to put up signs at the airports pointing out that most of Britain's mad-houses and institutions were closed during the sixties. There is now a far greater emphasis on care in the community.

L.J. Nelson
Stockton, Cleveland

McMemories

The Official McDonald's Collectibles Club



Actual size: 12", from head to toe; 9" seated.
McMemories, 9305 Milwaukee Ave., Niles, IL 60714

With a smile on his face and a sparkle in his bright baby-blue eyes, "Eric" is enjoying his very first order of french fries with Mom and Dad at McDonald's. What fun! "Eric" is the first issue in the *Treats for Tots* doll collection by renowned artist Yolanda Bello. He's a superbly crafted porcelain collectible doll from McMemories, the Official McDonald's Collectibles Club. Complete with "french fries."

Relive a child's joy with "Eric." Only \$59.95. Fully guaranteed. Order today.

"Eric" comes complete with a bag of McDonald's "french fries," featuring the famous McDonald's Golden Arches.



The Artist
Yolanda Bello

Since 1985 doll artist Yolanda Bello has created some of the world's most popular collector doll designs for Ashton-Drake. She is best known for her tender portraits of babies and young children in real-life situations. In 1993 her Ashton-Drake baby doll "Meagan Rose" won the prestigious *Doll of the Year Award* from *Doll Reader Magazine*.



Yolanda Bello

McMemories

The Official McDonald's Collectibles Club

Enterprise culture

For those readers interested in Boots' products that have the same name as characters from Star Trek: Deep Space Nine. You may wish to note that we now sell 'Kira' health tablets, and 'Dax' hair dress.

Rob Jones

BOOTS

Hilton Park Services

Near Wolverhampton

TOP TIP

WHEN buying a new computer system, always keep the dust covers from your old one. You can then use them to stop dust from accumulating on the dust covers on your new system.

Mark Gilman

USA

I'M Just sending you my copy of issue 85 back, the reason why is clear - it's complete shit and totally unfunny. The price of £1.50 is not justified perhaps it should be - 15 pence. This magazine is old and tired and lacks new ideas;

Yours
Alan Smith

Luton

P.S. Perhaps you should remove the Not For Sale to children' there the only one's will find something funny inside,

Thanks Alan. Perhaps the magazine has become a little staid and predictable over the years. We've taken what you say on board, and have decided to re-invent Viz. The first change, which will be apparent from the next issue onwards, is that it will go up 10p to £1.60.

I am a Morris dancer who lives in New Zealand. I am very interested in thunderstorms as well. I used to drive trains but don't now. I am also very interested in music. Richard Thompson is one of my musical heroes. He plays the guitar better than any cunt. Roger Mellie is another of my heroes. I am 44 years of age, and being a Morris dancer, I do masturbate on the odd occasion.

John Gaul

New Zealand

Thunderstorm Society
nnts.nz@xtra.co.nz

Judging by Brian Street's address in London E1 (Letterbooks, issue 85) The Bricklayers Arms isn't his local either. So he himself must be one of the 'arty party cunts' who he's slagging off. Why doesn't Mr Street piss off down to the Spiral Staircase where he belongs so that us GENUINE locals can enjoy a decent pint without having to deal with combat trousered, silly trained, stupid haircuted spotty herbets like him? I agree with Loz and Jenna (issue 84) - piss off the clowns! And not just the ones from the Circus School.

The Badger
Luke Street
EC2

Been around the world and I-I... can't find my luggage

It's a pity British Airways don't include baggage on their mileage-based 'Frequent Flyer' programme. I checked my bags in recently for a short BA flight. By the time BA's bungling baggage handlers had finished with it, it would have earned enough points to win a place on the next Space Shuttle flight.

Convenor
V.O.B.A. (Victims of British Airways)
Australia

TOP TIP
MANCHESTER City Council. At lunchtime go and have a game of football in Piccadilly Square, using your jumpers for goalposts. It's the only sporting event you're ever going to attract to Manchester.

Macka
Battersea SW11

Further to B. Noris's letter (issue 85). If supermarkets continue to set aside the best spaces for 'Parent and Child' parking, surely this will only encourage young, impressionable teenagers to get pregnant on purpose so as to take advantage of these spaces. It's no wonder our younger generation are in

moral disarray, when supermarkets use 'alcopops' to entice youngsters into stores, and provide premium parking spaces for teenage mothers.

G. Sweeney
Wolverhampton

TOP TIP

SMOKERS. Empty *frag* packets, e.g. 10 *Marlborough* or 10 *Rothmans*, with buttons glued on the sides, make perfect toy *Grand Prix* motor racing cars for your kids.

G. Wright
Higgs Tobacconist
Lincoln

Blood on our hands

We have been touched by the many irrational letters of abuse we have received in the wake of the tragic death of Diana, Princess of Wales. Unfortunately space does not allow us to print them all, but here is just a small selection.

I enclose the cover of Viz issue 85, on sale in my local newsagents in August, which reads 'Your chance to romp with a naked Princess Di!' Why don't you vanish off the planet with your unrequited, filth-filled paper?

Anon.

In Letterbooks (issue 58) Neil Wood of Blackburn called for Princess Diana to be beheaded. Well Neil, I hope you're proud of yourself. I imagine you're feeling a bit of twat at the moment.

Anon.
London



Blood on YOUR hands.

Anon.

We would have liked to reply to all of your Di letters individually, but unfortunately this is simply not possible due to the fact they were all sent in anonymously.

Viz By Post

Hello. I'm afraid it's still Sally's big sister here. My sexy young sister has climbed out of her bedroom window and I can't find her, so this old picture of me slowly getting my floppy tits out will have to suffice for another 2 months. Never mind. One year's supply of Viz (6 issues) costs £9 (£12.50 overseas). Subscribe for 2 years and you save fuck all, cos 12 issues still cost £18 (£24.80 overseas), and meanwhile your money is sitting in John Brown's bank account for 2 years.



FREE BOOK

LOVE & KISSES
Sally Big Sister

Actually, you get a free book (which we're having trouble selling for £4.99) if you subscribe for 2 years. It's Sid The Sexist's JOYS OF SEXISM. Actually it's very good. John just printed too many. Use the form to order a subscription for yourself, or as a gift for someone else using both bits. If you want to receive more than one copy of each issue (at the same address), extra ones are £6 a year (£7 overseas). Right.

Dear Sally's big sister, who is dirty, Please send me a subscription starting issue to be sent to:

Name:

Address:

Post Code:

If you are ordering a subscription for someone else fill in their name and address above, and your own details below. If its just for you, fill in the bit above, then skip the next bit and go straight on to the bit about money.

My name:

Address:

Post Code:

The bit about money. Tick one box only:

I enclose a cheque/PO for £ crossed and made payable to John Brown Publishing Limited.

Please debit my Visa/Mastercard/Eurocard
American Express/Diners Club/Connect card

Card No: / / /

Expiry date:

Send this form together with any cheques or postal orders to:

Viz Subs

FREEPOST

(SW6096)

Bristol BS32 0BR

or ring our sizzling subs chattle on:

(01454) 202 515

In Australia the address is: Viz, Gordon & Gotch Ltd, Subs Division, Private Bag 290, Burwood, Victoria 3125.

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Toll free telephone number (US & Canada) 1 888 428 6676

Tick here if you don't want us to sell your name and address to any Tom, Dick or Harry who wants it.

0 X O Cross here to win this game of noughts and crosses



STARWATCH

Starwatch is Britain's most comprehensive celebrity snooping page. We're putting the rich and famous under the microscope, and we want YOU to do all the work for us. We want to know where the stars are, and what they're up to. Details to Starwatch, Viz, P.O.Box 1P7, Newcastle upon Tyne, NE99 1PT. Or E-mail us at: web@johnbrown.co.uk

Wrinkle wrinkle little Stardust



□ I recently caught a cab home from Cobham in Surrey and the cabbie said "I had that Alvin Stardust in the back the other day". Then yesterday I spotted the great man himself talking on a mobile phone in the doorway of Savoy Tailor's Guild in Guildford High Street. He was really short, despite wearing Cuban heels, his hair was thinning and he looked old. I reckon his famous quiff must have been a syrup.

Patrick Rampton
East Clandon, Surrey

□ Alvin Stardust sat behind me on a flight from Heathrow to Inverness on the May Day bank holiday weekend this year. He was an unassuming, charming man, and he spent most of the flight playing with my baby son. Unfortunately in Inverness the munchkin musician discovered his baggage had been damaged. Perhaps understandably his language at that point was most unbecoming of a rock-star turned Godbotherer. If I spot him at the Carlisle United match tomorrow, I'll let you know.

Gerry Smith
Basildon

□ A few years ago when I lived in Crawley local legend had it that Alvin Stardust lived at nearby Charlwood, which is situated at the end of Gatwick airport's runway, on the Surrey/Sussex border. This is only 3 miles from Crawley, where he was spotted carrying apples by one of your readers. The various other sightings at Dunsford, Guildford, Godalming, Skegness, Inverness, Leicester and Hull can perhaps be explained by the fact that old people do occasionally wander off.

Alan Stone
Brighton

□ I can report that Mr Stardust celebrated last New Year's Eve in Hull, in my restaurant to be precise. Not only is he a top bloke, I can also vouch for his valour. He took on Wolf (out of Gladiators) in a snowball fight outside after their meal. All of our waitresses went home that night dreaming of being his "coo-ca-choo".

Mike Hepke
Pierre Victoire restaurant
Lowgate, Hull

Stardust gazing

□ Me and my missus recently saw Alvin Stardust putting air in his tyres at a garage in Leicester. We spoke to him, but he was giving very little away. "Are you who I think you are?" my wife asked. "That depends who you think I am", he replied cautiously. He wasn't wearing a crap leather glove, but it was definitely him.

Stu
E mail

□ I saw Alvin Stardust in my prison cell. He was swinging on a Tarzan rope sticking his tongue out and giving me the middle finger. Fuck me. As if things aren't bad enough, I had that prick - the singer out of Right Said Fred - last week doing the same thing, but swinging the other way. Do I win a prize or anything? Please write back. Even just a letter saying fuck off or something.

Clint Kirwan
Prisoner No. HS41
HM YOC
Hydebank Wood
Belfast BT8 8NA

□ Never mind Surrey. Look no further than the New Tyne Theatre, on Westgate Road, Newcastle, in your quest for the Holy Alvin Stardust. He will be appearing live

there this Christmas every evening from Tuesday 9th December until Saturday 10th January. Alvin is heading the bill in a sixties rock'n'roll nostalgia pantomime come rock musical entitled 'Rock Hard'. A terrific evening's entertainment guaranteed. Readers may also wish to note that during the daytime there will be magical performances of Roald Dahl's 'The BFG' suitable for all the family. Further details from the Tyne Theatre box office on (0191) 232 0899.

Regan
Newcastle

□ I went to school in Witley, 15 miles west of Guildford, Surrey, with Alvin Stardust's son. He was called Adam Fenton, as opposed to Adam Stardust. I believe Adam is now trying to emulate his father's pop achievements as ultra-credible drum'n'bass trumpeteer Adam F.

Nick Wallis
E mail

Layton disorient



Tell that south of the river tosser who says he saw me there that if he comes to Underhill I still wouldn't pass him the mustard, 'cos it's a well known fact that I'm not just a shortarse, I'm a tight arse as well.

George (Short Arse) Layton
London



□ Last year I stopped my car to allow stumpy bug-eyed Geordie actor Tim Healey - the unlikely real-life hubby of Coronation Street man-eater Natalie Horrocks (alias real-life heiress to a Whitley Bay bubblegum dynasty, Denise Welch) - to cross the zebra crossing outside the Co-op in Hexham, Northumberland. Later that same year my husband spotted him sitting in a black Saab near the carwash behind the Peugeot garage.

Jenny Dunn
Hexham

Jesus Christ

□ The other day in Wakefield I spotted Jesus coming out of the Private Shop carrying a brown paper parcel. Later I saw him lying in the bus station in a pile of puke, drinking Special Brew.

Slinky
Leeds

HOW BIG IS IT? with Great Train Robber RONNIE BIGGS at his drawing board in Brazil

Hello there. A Mrs Smith from Dunstable in Kent has written to me today with a very interesting question. "Dear Ronnie", she says. "How big are pygmies?"



Well Mrs Smith. You'll have to forgive my drawing - I hurt my hand murdering that train driver 30 years ago. But this little chap here is supposed to be a Pygmy... there we are... with his little bow...



But you don't really see how big he is until I draw a normal person next to him... There! As you can see, compared to a normal person, a pygmy is very small indeed.

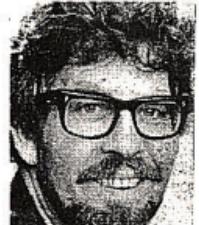


Ronnie B.

□ I saw Coronation Street's Gary Mallett coming out of Specsavers in Oldham recently, with a rather large wife and young son.

A. Carr
Oldham

Platform souls



□ Never mind Stringfellow's, Chesterfield railway station is the place to spot the stars. In recent months I've seen Rolf Harris, Emily Hughes and Tosh Lines out of The Bill, all for the price of a platform ticket. Chesterfield itself may be an elephant's arse, but it's a magnet for celebrities.

Richard Siddall
Chesterfield Station

Having a ball



□ Zoc Ball spotted in the Spread Eagle in Camden Town last night (11th September). She was with about five blokes, and looked pissed. Where did her Johnny go wrong?

Ian Ryder

P.S. One of the blokes I was with went to school with Posh Spice, and said she was a bit rough, and had hairy armpits.

□ You inquired about Carol Decker out of T'Pau's shopping habits. The flame haired temptress is going out with our executive head chef, Richard 'Jammy Bastard' Coates. So I'd imagine she doesn't have to shop for food at all. Nor he for jazz mags.

James Banks
Belgo Central
London WC2

□ I saw Coronation Street's Gary Mallett coming out of Specsavers in Oldham recently, with a rather large wife and young son.

A. Carr
Oldham

□ Carol Decker has been shopping in Tesco at Brent Cross recently, buying bacon Frazzles and a slice of Gala pie, which was for me. I am her manager. Carol, along with the rest of T'Pau, will be "buying groceries" in the following towns in November and December.

November
Weymouth (4th)
Ashington (6th)
Kings Lynn (11th)
Glasgow (13th)
Ipswich (15th)
Wavendon (16th)
Poole (18th)
Clacton (19th)
Leeds (20th)
Hemel Hempstead (23rd)

December
Cleethorpes (4th)
Nottingham (5th)
Sheffield (6th)
Northampton (7th)
Cardiff (9th)
Middlesbrough (12th)
Blackburn (13th)
Wolverhampton (14th)
Chester (17th)
Derby (18th)
Reading (20th) and other towns to be announced. These shopping trips happen to correspond with dates on T'Pau's forthcoming tour, which unfortunately our promoter cannot afford to advertise in Viz. Further information from Carol herself, c/o P.O. Box 14434, London NW5 1WR, or from the T'Pau web site at: www.tpau.co.uk

Will Ashurst
T'Pau Management
London NW3

□ Last season during half-time at the Oldham Athletic v. Tranmere Rovers Coca Cola cup tie I queued for a piss behind TV commentator Elton Welby in the 'Ford Stand' urinals. Our waters undoubtedly merged (along with those of several hundred others) due to a blocked waste pipe. As a result I now feel a certain affinity with the bloke. I wonder if any of your other readers have a celebrity "piss brother" as a result of rubbing tools with the rich and famous?

Aidan Mather
Manchester M40

▪ Have you slashed alongside a celeb, or what next to a showbiz star? Any anecdotes about celebrities using lavatories - no matter how tenuous - will be gratefully received. Send your reports to 'Stars in their Blogs' at our usual address.

There's always more shoes news in your No.1 Viz

FLIP FLOPS IN A FLAP

Mother Teresa telly ads axed

FLIP FLOP yesterday withdrew a series of TV ads featuring the late Mother Teresa of Calcutta.

The £100 million rubber sandal campaign was due to be launched in Britain later this month but has been axed following Mother Teresa's death.

Hilarious

In the hilarious ads Mother Teresa is seen caring for the sick and dying, wearing Flip Flops. The zany ads were aimed at boosting flagging sales of the lightweight beach sandals. David Kissy-Arsch of advertising agents Leo Bullshit explained why they had chosen Mother Teresa to front their Flip Flop campaign.

Simple

"Mother Teresa was a simple, but good person, in much the same way that Flip Flops are simple, but good things to wear on your feet," he told us. "She also comforted the sick and dying, not unlike Flip Flops which are comfortable for your feet."

Paul

Mother Teresa may have died, but her bank balance



has never been healthier. For the 'living saint' is rumoured to have pocketed a massive seven figure sum for her brief appearance in the 30 second ads.

Neil

Her untimely death is a serious blow to Flip Flop PLC who face tough new competition in the beach footwear sector from the American Jelly Shoes Corporation.

Carly

A 1978 survey showed that 6 out of 10 people on the beach were wearing Flip Flops. In a 1996 survey there was only 3 people on the beach, and none of them were wearing Flip Flops.

Earn a profitable second income as a one armed bandit!

WE turn your face into a gaming machine. YOU turn it into cash. Earn up to £150 per night in your spare time in pubs, clubs or chip shops. Work as little or as often as you like.



BEFORE

AFTER

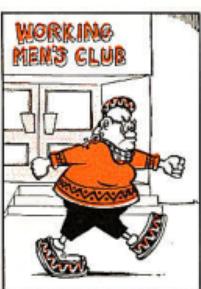
One off payment pays for the simple life-changing operation. The rest is your profit. Earn up to £750 in a night as people begin to gather round. Watch them throw good money after bad. Think it's too good to be true? Think again.

On my first night as a one armed bandit I won £500 and paid out just £12 in tokens. Total profit £1250! Mr. B. Essex

BellFace Ltd, Box 2, Manchester.

Yest I'm interested in becoming a gaming machine

Please send details. Name...Address...Post Code...



PET? BAH!! I'M NOT YOUR, OR ANY OTHER MAN'S PET. I'M NOT HERE AS A SEX SLAVE TO SATISFY YOUR TESTOSTERONE-FUELLED FANTASIES. I HAVE COME TO MAKE MY STAND IN THE WIMMINSTRUGGLE.

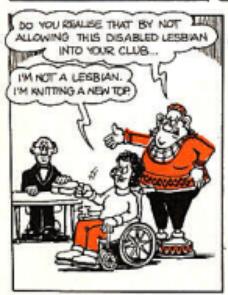
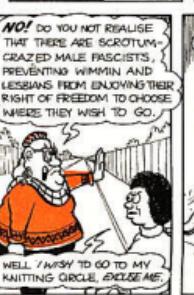
YEE? YEE WE CANNOT LET ANYONE IN THAT'S NOT AFFILIATED. YOUR MALE EGO-DRIVEN MENTALITY CANNOT BEGIN TO UNDERSTAND MY REASONS FOR BEING HERE.

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND. I'M HERE TO BREAK DOWN THE BARRICADES OF THIS BASTION OF MALE POWER. MEN SHOULD NOT BE ALLOWED TO ENJOY THE ABSENCE OF WIMMIN. I WILL ENTER THIS CLUB IF IT IS THE LAST THING I DO. I SHALL RETURN WITH A TASK FORCE OF EMPOWERED WIMMIN.

AH, RIGHT. WELL, IF YOU'RE GOING TO COME BACK WITH YOUR FRIENDS, WE'LL HAVE TO GET SOMEONE TO SIGN YOU ALL IN. IT'S THE RULES. IT'S COZ YOU'RE NOT AFFILIATED, YEE?

OUTSIDE... EXCUSE ME, SIR! BUT DO YOU REALISE THAT AHE, AS WIMMIN...

SORRY LOVE, I'VE GOT A BUS TO CATCH...



ROGER MELLIE

The man on the telly



TRIBUTES POUR IN TO MAN THEY CALLED 'THE'

WE'RE BANANAS

FANS have been flocking to the former fictitious TV home of sixties pop group The Monkees to pay tribute to their drummer Mickey Dolenz.

Your Mickey messages

Oh Mickey you're so fine,
You're so fine you blow
my mind

HEY MICKEY!
HEY MICKEY!

Toni Basil
America

You took the last train
to Clarksville,
When you were just
quite young.
Your shaving razor was
cold,
and it stung.
And then I saw your
face,
On my TV receiver.
I think you're great,
wish you were my mate.
Yours forever,

Nick Eaton, aged 34
London

We would miss your
smiling face
if you were dead,
But you are not so we will
smile with you instead.
Quite a lot.

Lara Ivanovich
Russia

Make your own
special book of
Mickeydolences

Rather than queue for days outside Thames TV, you can pay your respects in your very own Book of Mickeydolences. Simply ask your newsagent for 100 extra copies of this magazine, cut out the forms along the dotted line, and staple the pages together between the crosses. You may then wish to bind your book in a handsome leather jacket.

And in Britain a book of Mickeydolence has been opened at the TV studios in Middlesex where, from 1980 to 1983, Mickey Dolenz produced the children's TV series 'Metal Mickey'.

Support

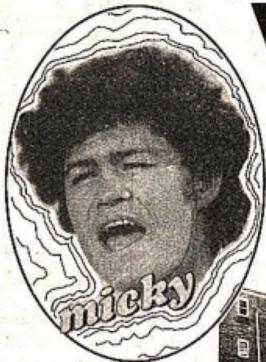
In an unprecedented display of 'people power' tens of thousands of people - many of whom never particularly liked The Monkees - have united in their support for the group's drummer.

Spirit

Thousands of fans, young and old, have queued for hours to lay bananas at the gates of the Hollywood TV studios where The Monkees was filmed. By midday yesterday the gates were engulfed in a carpet of bananas stretching as far as the eye could see. One man had been there since ten o'clock.

Ghost

Shops closed for the day and U.S. President Bill Clinton called for a minute's silence in tribute to the man who became known as the 'People's Monkey'. British Prime Minister Tony Blair has



YOU M



Adrift on a sea of bananas - The Monkees former fictitious California TV home stands silent yesterday, fruit tributes having piled up on the lawn outside... a bit like snow.

suggested that London be renamed Mickey-dolentown. Meanwhile an entire issue of Hello! magazine was withdrawn from newsagents' shelves because it didn't have anything in it about The Monkees.

Ghoul

One of the first people to pay tribute to Dolenz was himself. Moved by the overwhelming public response to him, he hastily set about re-writing The Monkees' famous theme tune 'Hey Hey We're The Monkees'. His new version, which was written entirely by songwriter Bernie Tarpaulin, is

expected to top the charts for over a thousand years.

Spectre

But amidst all the emotion there has been anger at the reaction of the other Monkees to Mickey Dolenz. There had been no sign of Mike Nesmith, Peter Tork or Davy Jones at the beach house which the group had pretended to share, and there was a

growing feeling of disaffection towards the group amongst the gathered crowds.

Thrush

Many observers feel that The Monkees are out of touch with public opinion about Mickey Dolenz and a radical re-think may be necessary within the band. Eventually Mike Nesmith appeared briefly outside his house and in a brief statement said "I still like Mickey Dolenz".

Our sincere Mickeydolences

STAPLE HERE



Thieving ape steals banana

There were angry scenes at New York zoo when a real-life monkey ate a banana which had been placed near his cage as a tribute to Mickey Dolenz. Crowds jeered and the monkey was punched by a drunken idiot as zoo keepers took it away to be destroyed.

PEOPLE'S MONKEE'

ABOUT MICKEY

Hey hey! It's a fitting tribute

HERE'S the new words to the Monkees theme tune written as a tribute to Mickey Dolenz by songwriter Bernie Tarpaulin. He actually wrote the words while he was in the lavatory and read them down the phone to Mickey Dolenz who was in his kitchen at the time.

Original version

*Hey hey we're the Monkees
And people say we monkey
around
But we're too busy singin'
To put anybody down*

Monkees Theme 1997

*Hey hey I'm a Monkee
And I was the funny one
in the TV show
I also sang half the songs
As well as playing the drums*

YES, WE WANT NO BANANAS

**We want no more
bananas says
Robin Cook**

THE twin brother of Mickey Dolenz, British Foreign Secretary Robin Cook, yesterday issued a plea to fans of the former Monkee. "Please stop bringing bananas to the gates of The Monkees' fictitious California TV beach house", he said.

NSU

The light bulb headed meter-feeding shag happy Labour MP said that he and his family were grateful for the public support they had received in recent days, but they were concerned that if bananas continued to pile up outside his house somebody might slip on one and hurt themselves.



APPEAL: Robin Cook

Over seven hundred billion tons of bananas have been bought by Mickey Dolenz fans throughout the world in the last fortnight, during which time the banana growing Caribbean island of Antigua has become the second richest nation in the world.

MY DOG YEAR HELL

**"I look like a
fucking waxwork"
says SIMON MAYO**

RAPIER witted DJ Simon Mayo has spoken for the first time about the mystery condition which he claims has left him looking like a fucking waxwork.

For months there has been concern among radio listeners over Mayo's rapidly deteriorating appearance. Once the smug, fresh faced new boy of Radio One, his face has undergone a drastic transition in recent years.

Caked

Viewers of his 'Confessions' programme hardly recognised the comical figure that appeared on TV recently with long, swept back hair and a wrinkled face caked in barrow-loads of make-up. "He looked more like Hannibal Lecter than a trendy young television host", said one viewer.

Pied

Mayo's boss Matthew Barnister was so concerned he sent him to see a Harley Street face doctor who diagnosed Mayo as suffering from Who Hartnell Syndrome, a fairly common condition affecting 12 in every 1000 adult males. Relatively harmless, sufferers turn into William Hartnell, the pioneer Dr Who actor, over a period of several years.

Bag

But Mayo was not convinced. Colleagues were baffled by Mayo's strange, musty smell - like that of a moulding dog. They suggested he visit a vet, and it



'Waxwork' Mayo (above) and Hartnell (below) who's his Dr Who double.



was only then that Mayo discovered the truth. For the last decade he had been living in dog years.

Radio 1 jock's shock confession

"There are seven dog years in every human year", Mayo explained. "As a result every year I age seven dog years". As a result since 1990 Mayo's age has risen from 30 to 79.

Lone

"Despite his unusual condition there is no reason why Mr Mayo should not live to a ripe old age of 80 or 90", says Professor Eugene Pantaloan, senior lecturer about dogs at the world renowned Vladivostock College of Further Education. "The only problem is that they will be 80 or 90 dog years", he confessed.

Forest

Meanwhile Mayo is putting on a brave wrinkly face. "I haven't felt the



Fresh faced Mayo (above) aged 27. But two years later and he's already 41 (below).



urge to sleep in a basket and lick my bollocks, at least not yet!" he quipped. "And I haven't started sniffing the other DJ's arses". But despite the smiles, Mayo knows that unless a cure is found, that day may not be too far away.



-SPOILT BASTARD-



£ £ The Price of Love £ £

Timid office clerk Timothy Templeton was in love with sexy telephonist Sally Jones.

Excuse me Sally, but erm... I don't suppose...

Forget it Timothy... I'm not interested in a date

Why? Is there something the matter with me?

Look Tim, you're a lovely person. It's just that I don't find you attractive, that's all.

Sorry Tim, I like you as a friend. I just couldn't bare the thought of having sex with you, that's all.

Yeah... okay... I understand

Rival office clerk Theo Hood also had the hots for Sally...

Tough luck four eyes. The girl is MINE!

What do you mean?

Sally's coming out with me tonight. I asked her this morning.

Oh Sally, of all the people in the world, why him? He doesn't give a damn about you.

To him you're just another conquest. Another notch on his bedpost. To me you'd be something really special

Later that evening in a restaurant.

Well, that was a lovely expensive meal Theo, thanks. Now can we go back to your place for sex?

Your bill sir.

Oh no... my wallet! It's gone!

Shit! The bill comes to £50, and I have no money. This is so embarrassing.

Excuse me. I'm a millionaire gambler and playboy who has been sitting at an adjacent table. I have an unusual offer to make which may solve your problem

Oh dear. I'm afraid I didn't bring my purse either.

Offer? What sort of offer?

I couldn't help noticing how attractive your bird is. If you let me have sex with her tonight, I will give you fifty pounds. Cash!

How will Theo react to the stranger's indecent proposal? Find out on page 27.

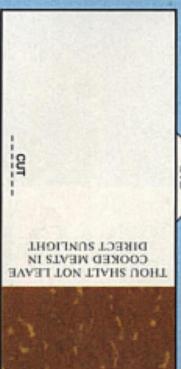
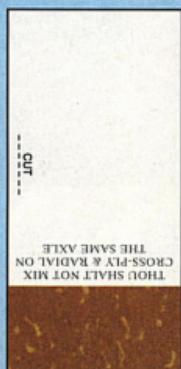
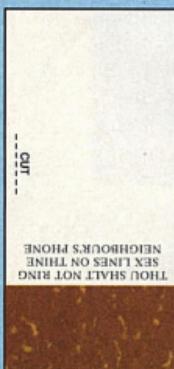
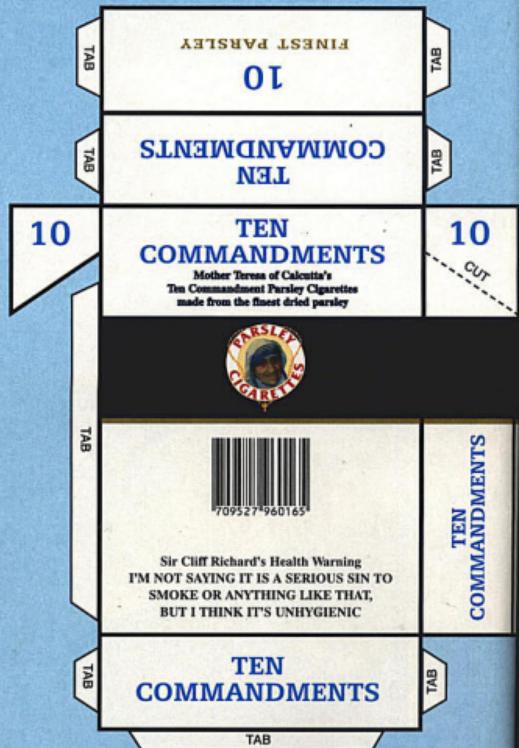
HOLY SMOKERS! ROLL UP! ROLL UP! AND KICK T

Mother Teresa
of Calcutta's

Ten Com

Sick of forking out a fortune on fags, but *dying* for a smoke? Mother Teresa devoted her life to helping the *sick* and *dying*, so we feel there is *nun* better way to pay tribute to her than by helping smokers kick their filthy nicotine *habit*. But don't worry. Tab lovers can still get a *heavenly high* by smoking Mother Teresa's 'Ten Commandments' cigarettes instead. They're entirely harmless*, as they contain no nicotine whatsoever. Just parsley. Like Moses' Holy Tablets, Mother Teresa's *Holy Tabs* are inscribed with God's Ten Commandments. And so, just as Mother Teresa lit up a small corner of the world with her work, we ask *you* to light up a memorial Ten Commandments cigarette in her memory. Read carefully the inscription upon it, and reflect upon God's wisely words as you relax and enjoy a thoroughly *holy smoke*.

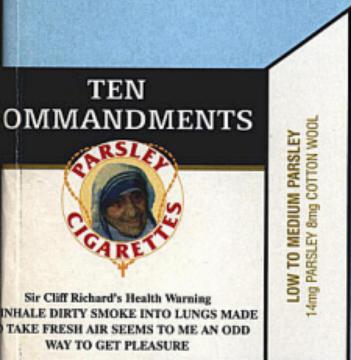
Just as Jesus turned water into wine, you can turn parsley and paper into Ten Commandment superking cigarettes by following the instructions opposite.



Commandments

INSTRUCTIONS

Put the Ten Commandments parsley cigarette packet and assemble as per fig. 1. Cut out the individual cigarette papers. Put a generous amount of dried parsley (available from all greengrocers) onto each paper leaving a 1/2 inch gap at the coloured end. Insert a piece of cotton wool or short section of tampon into the gap to act as a filter (fig. 2). Roll into a cigarette and secure by inserting tab through slot on the opposite side (fig. 3). Insert cigarettes into the packet. (usually remove cigarette, tap it twice, light with a match, and smoke.)



LOW TO MEDIUM PARSLEY
14mg PARSLEY 8mg COTTON WOOL

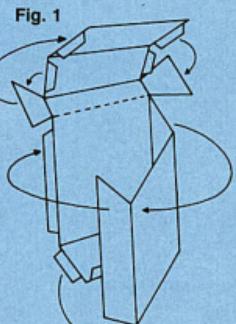


Fig. 2



Fig. 3



Filter-tipped Parsley Cigarettes

PACKET IN!

Sir Cliff Richard attributes his eternal youth to a fag free life. "I've always hated smoking," he says. "Why accept a few minutes pleasure from a cigarette in return for a few days of your life?" Compare Cliff's youthful looks with his 80 a day brother Rolling Stone Keith and you immediately realise the benefits of giving up. Both are 87.



Oh brother! Twins Cliff and Keith yesterday

"If there had been harmless Mother Teresa of Calcutta memorial 'Ten Commandments' parsley cigarettes when I was a kid I'm sure I'd have kicked the nicotine habit", says rock veteran Keith.

A total stranger had offered Theo fifty pounds to have sex with his girlfriend.

What are we going to do Theo?

But how could I?
He's a total stranger

Do we have
a deal?

Yes. She's yours
for the night

Well, I can't see that we've
got much choice. I mean...
fifty quid is a lot of money

Come on. He's not a bad looking
bloke. And it's only for one night

Smashing.
Here's the
cash

The next day at work Timothy noticed
that Sally wasn't her usual self.

Enjoy yourself last night?

Hey, come on Sally? You said
I was a friend, remember?

Slowly, tearfully, Sally explained what had
happened in the restaurant the night before.

I'd rather not
talk about it

Well, if something is wrong,
let's talk about it? That's
what friends are for

And so... Sob! Sniff! I went with him... a total
stranger... just to pay the bill. And now... I feel
so cheap... So dirty. I don't know what to do

Fifty pounds, eh? Is that how highly
Theo values you? The price of a meal...

Listen Sally. I know I'm not
your type, but all I'm asking
for is one chance...

Yo! BITCH! Shake
them titties and
wiggle that ass!

Worse still... Is that what you
really think of yourself?

One chance to show you
what you're really worth.
Please... come out with me
tonight. You won't regret it

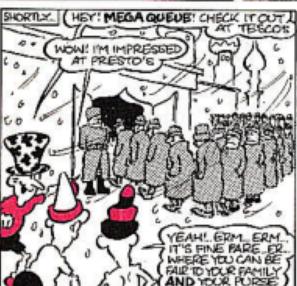
Really Timothy,
are you sure this
is a good idea?

An' don't you go
holdin' out on me!
If you don't turn
me two gees
tonight I'm gonna
mess up your
face, you hear?

The End

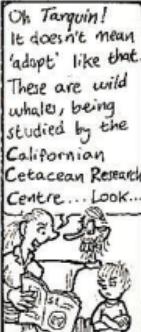
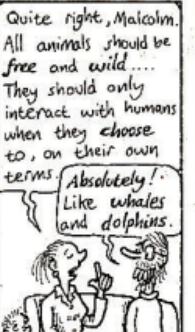
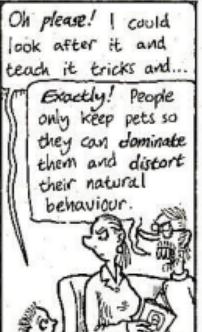
Ravy Dang Gravy

havin' it in Ibiza



THE MODERN PARENTS

John Farquhar '97



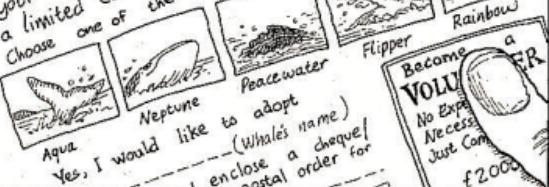
Advertising Feature

Adopt a Whale

The Californian Cetacean Research Centre is offering this unique opportunity to become directly involved with one of nature's most noble and spiritual creatures - The Humpback Whale



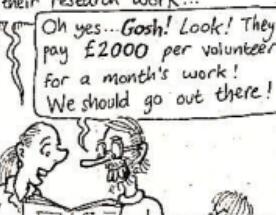
In return for just £49.99 you will receive your very own Whale Adopter's Certificate, with a limited edition photograph of your whale.



Hoh! So you pay fifty quid for a blurred photo and a crappy certificate saying that you, along with thousands of other mugs, have 'adopted' some whale which you're never even going to see.



You can go and see them... Look, there's another advert here... You can volunteer to go to California and help with their research work...



I've always wanted to swim with whales... We could communicate telepathically! They might cure my Sensitive Person's Fatigue-Syndrome...

Hang on, you've read it wrong... Look, it says you pay them £2000! They must be raking it in.

I'm sure they need the money. If I had £2000 to spare, I'd gladly give it to the whales, for the privilege of helping with the Centre's research.

For the privilege of cleaning the Centre's toilets, more like.

Well, it's easy to be cynical, Tarquin, but what have you ever done to protect wildlife?... If you're not part of the solution, you're part of the problem.

Hmm... Maybe you're right...

Come on, Guin... Let's go and study the wildlife in our local woods...



A week later...

Where's Tarquin and Guinevere?

They're up at the woods again... A nature study project, Tarquin said...

They're spending a lot of time up there... Maybe Tarquin's finally developing a sense of eco-concern...

Gosh! Do you think so? Let's go and encourage him...

RED SQUIRREL RESEARCH CENTRE

Become a Volunteer Squirrel Counter. Only \$80 for the privilege of helping to protect these four creatures.

Wow! That's nine I've seen now!

There's something so special about seeing red squirrels in the wild...

Hmm... All this money is being spent on wildlife protection, isn't it, Tarquin?

Of course...

After we've covered our running expenses, obviously...

Well, I must say, I'm quite impressed by the project... I certainly had no idea there were so many red squirrels around here...

Hang on! I'm not sure they are red squirrels! They look like grey squirrels to me... Except for their colour...

Tarquin! You haven't?!

Alright, alright... So they're grey squirrels! Guin tanned them with nuts and I flicked a bit of paint on them...

How could you abuse animals like that?!

They didn't mind! I'll soon wash off in the rain.

Grey squirrels! I didn't pay to see grey squirrels! They aren't rare!

I don't see what difference it makes... They're all squirrels, aren't they?

Grey squirrels are aggressive incomers from America... They've driven all our native red squirrels out.

If Man hadn't interfered with the natural countryside, this would be a forest, full of red squirrels and beavers and... and pandas and things.

Hmm... So what do you think we should do with all these foreign grey squirrels, then? Do a bit of ethnic cleansing?

Don't put words into my mouth! We could go into squirrel meat, Guin...

We shouldn't interfere with nature in the first place... We should let all animals live in peace and room freely.

Now pack all this up... We're going home!

Aw!

The next day...

Hey, guess what! Guin's found himself another animal to study...

Now I thought we made it clear that...

It's alright... This is a native, wild animal that has chosen to come and interact with us on its own terms...

Gosh! Has Guinevere seen an urban fox out in the garden? Or seen a bat fly into our attic? How exciting!

No, it's neither of those... See, it's come into his bedroom...

...through the skirting-board...

AAARGH!!

Is that the Pest Control Department? Help!! We've got a rat!! Come and KILL it before it gives us black death or... or... bites us!! Poison it!! Exterminate it!!

Sit!... Lie down! Good boy!

Recipe for DISASTER

FISH and chip magnate Harry Ramsden has described as 'ludicrous' Government plans to cover the Millennium dome with a delicious crispy batter coating made by American food giant Kentucky Fried Chicken.

Government Dome chief Peter Mandelson announced the decision to award the contract to KFC at a press conference yesterday morning. But a furious Harry Ramsden claims his British fish and chip shops were not able to compete with the KFC bid, as several million pounds had to be added to their tender for salt and vinegar.

Dome

"Here we have an opportunity to show the world that British fish and chips are best by coating the Dome in a traditional British batter, and in order to save a few bob on salt and vinegar the government awards the contract to an American junk food merchant. It's a national disgrace", Mr Ramsden told reporters.

Birds

Meanwhile Colonel Sanders confirmed he will use his secret recipe of eleven different herbs and spices to create a gigantic coating for the multi billion

Ramsden rages at KFC dome contract

pound white elephant, which Mr Mandelson hopes will be completed by the year 2000.

"I am delighted to have won the order and I am looking forward to making the Dome a 'finger licking good' experience for everyone who visits it", he said.

Thighs

But Colonel Sanders was interrupted by a clearly agitated Mr. Ramsden. "Oh yeah? And how exactly is a cartoon chef who doesn't even exist going to fulfil such an enormous contract?", he asked. "The whole thing is a recipe for disaster".



Colonel Sanders (below) took a verbal battering from Harry Ramsden (above) below.



"Before he starts calling me a cartoon Mr Ramsden would do well to remember that he himself died several years ago", retorted the Colonel. "Aah, go and fuck yourself", replied Mr Ramsden who then appeared to strike out at his rival.

NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL SHOUTING

Lord Tonypandy Shouts... Order! Order!



Recorded live at the House of Commons
Out Now on Tonypandymonium Records. Order! Order! your copy Today!

ORDER! ORDER!

Double CD or Cassette
Over 2 hours of the very best cries of Order! Order! from Britain's best loved Speaker of the House

Turn YOUR speakers of the house full up and listen to all your favourites, including-

*Order! Order!
*Order! Order!..Order!
*Orrrrrrr! ORDER!!
-and many more

The drinks are on Mir



A Russian space boffin attempts to repair a damaged wing mirror on Mir last week.

But only they're not! For the latest mishap to strike Russia's disaster prone probe has left the thirsty three man crew stranded in space without any hot drinks.

Mir's 30 year old Klix drinks vending machine conked out after a coin - believed to be a Russian rupee - jammed in the rickety slot mechanism.

As a result chocolate, tea coffee and Bovril are off the menu, and the crew are left with cosmonaut to drink but hot water which the machine is continuing to dispense.

"Fortunately the gravity has come back on", British boffin Michael Foale told

reporters yesterday "so at least we can have a nice bit sit down, although I must admit I'm gasping for a cuppa".

Red faced reds at the Russian space centre expect a service engineer to arrive at the stricken satellite - orbiting 600 feet above the Earth - some time on Thursday, but they couldn't say whether it would be morning or afternoon.

STOP PRESS...2AM NEWS...

Flip Flops in telly 'U' turn

THE controversial Flip Flop TV ads featuring the late Mother Teresa are back ON.

Advertising chiefs had deemed the rubber sandal ads 'too hot to handle' and shelved them after a storm of outrage followed Mother Teresa's death.

Cotton

But thanks to TV trickery the ads are back on air. However they will no longer feature the controversial dead nun. Instead they have been reshot, with actress Dot Cotton out of East-Enders playing the role of Mother Teresa.

Bunter

"Under the circumstances we felt it would be inappropriate to use the original footage which was filmed before Mother Teresa's death", explained



New Mother Teresa Dot Cotton yesterday

campaign director David Kissy-Arschole.

Butlin

"Dot Cotton out of East-Enders was happy to step in at short notice, and we're confident the ads will be a fitting tribute to Mother Teresa", he added.

HOLLYWOOD'S BLAZE TRAILER HANGS UP HOSE



Mr Adair in 1959
- the heyday of
Hollywood
chip pan fires.

A veteran Hollywood fire fighter is to hang up his hose after 50 years extinguishing chip pan fires in the kitchens of the rich and famous.

Blue Adair - third cousin, twice removed of Texan fire fighter Red - has saved many of tinseltown's most glamourous kitchens from serious fire damage. And he is about to tell his remarkable story in book entitled "Danger: Hot Fat in Hollywood".

Book

But the book has already faced criticism. From his home in Workington yesterday Mr Adair denied allegations that he is cashing in on the suffering of celebrities who have experienced traumatic chip pan fires.

Ghoulish

"There will always be a ghoulish element who want to read about these chip pan fires because of the people involved", he admitted. "But the book does not glamourise kitchen fires - it stresses the importance of fire prevention".

Goulash

Here, in exclusive extracts from his book, Mr Adair recalls some of the hair raising adventures he has had battling with the burning chip pans of the stars.

Ratatouille

The biggest chip pan blaze I ever tackled was at the home of TV detective Frank Cannon. He had lit the flame under a chip pan then went to the toilet. He must of got diarrhoea cos he was on the toilet for ages, and when he got back the fat was on fire.

Rat-a-tat tat

Frank did the worst thing possible and poured water on the flames. The pan exploded into a huge ball of flame. Luckily Frank's mum had given him a fire



An ordinary simmering chip pan like that on the left spells danger to stars like sixties Tarzan actor Ron Ely, above.

blanket for his the kitchen and I used it to cover the pan. Seconds later the fire was out. But chip pan fires don't always have happy endings.

Knock knock!

I had always been a big fan of Jim Morrison out of The Doors so one day I couldn't believe it when I answered the phone and heard him singing "Come on baby put out my fire". I could hear burning fat behind him, so I knew he wasn't kidding.

Who's there?

Jim's pan had over-heated and caught fire after he'd went to run a bath. I got round there straight away and put it out with a carbon dioxide extinguisher I keep in my boot. When I'd finished Jim asked me if I wanted to use the bath he'd just run to clean myself up.

"No thanks Jim", I said "You have it, I've got an electric shower at home". As I left Jim was heading for the bathroom with a towel under his arm. He never used it. Seconds later he had died in his bath, in Paris, and I was left wondering if I should of said "Yes" to having a bath. Perhaps if I'd id it would of been me that drowned, not Jim Morrison out of The Doors.

Doctor

The injuries caused by burning fat can be horrific. One day sixties TV actor Ron Ely was filming Tarzan. It was lunchtime and he decided to go home for some fish and chips. But he made a fatal mistake which was to cost him dear.

Dr. Who?

Ron, who was still wearing just his leather under-

pants, didn't dry the chips before dipping them in the pan. As soon as the chips hit the fat he was sprayed with hot, spitting fat.

Blakes 7

When I arrived seconds later I was confronted with a scene of horror. Ron was standing next to the cooker, wiping his arm with a cloth. Luckily for him I am a member of the St Johns Ambulance so I quickly run his arm under the cold tap and put ointment on.

Space 1999

Ron still had red marks on his arm when he went back to work. But instead of covering them with make-up, which might of made them sore, they decided to pretend he had got bit by a lion in the jungle. It was a clever trick, but viewers were unaware that hours earlier Ron had been face to face with a far greater danger than a lion in his kitchen.

Red Dwarf

Few people could of had a more rewarding career than what I've done, and despite the dangers I would of been happy for my sons to follow in my footsteps, if I'd had any. But in recent years celebrity chip pan fires have become fewer and farer between due to the advent of Microchips.

Green Giant

In a way I'm happy, cos microwave and oven chips are much safer. But in a way I'm sad, cos I'll miss all the exciting adventures what I have had'.

© Blue Adair 1997. "Danger: Hot Fat in Hollywood" is published by Mr Adair himself, priced £2.95 (plus a S.A.E.) from P.O. Box 999, Workington, Cumbria.

Top Ten Chip Tips for Stars



If any celebrities are contemplating chips for tea, here is Blue Adair's Top Ten Chip Tips for safer deep fat frying.

1 Never fill your chip pan more than one third full of fat.

2 Don't put the heat on too high.

3 Always dry the chips before you put them in the pan.

4 Never leave a hot chip pan unattended.

5 If the pan catches fire DO NOT put water on it.

6 I repeat, DO NOT put water on it.

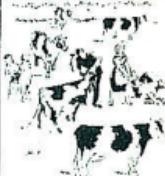
7 Turn the heat off and cover it with a damp cloth, towel or fire blanket.

8 Don't leave the handle of a chip pan overhanging the edge of the cooker.

9 Never return to a chip pan if it has failed to ignite.

10 Make sure you buy the right kind of potatoes, cos some of them are better for chips than others.

Pick Your Own Cows



DOCUMENTARY

Do you polish your shoes? Are you in your late 30's or 40's? Are you short? We're looking for volunteers to join our team of over 100 above-the-middle-aged men who polish their shoes. If you're interested, call Tigers Arms Productions on 0171 565 3103 and ask for Pippa, Parsley, Penny, Marigold or Hepatitis.



LUVIE DARLING



(AND THEN YOU WENT INTO RETIREMENT)

AH YES - THE GREATEST APPRENTICESHIP FOR ANY ACTOR. I STARTED AS AN ASSISTANT STAGE MANAGER. IT WAS JUST SO VARIED - ONE NIGHT YOU MIGHT BE UNBLOCKING A SINK IN THE DRESSING ROOM...



BUT YOU GRADUALLY WORKED YOUR WAY UP!

YES, THAT'S RIGHT. I EVENTUALLY WAS UNBLOCKING THE CLOUTERS.



SO HOW DID YOU EVENTUALLY FIND YOURSELF IN HOLLYWOOD?

WELL - I HAD SOME SUCCESS OFF-BROADWAY IN MY ONE-MAN VERSION OF SEVEN BRIDES FOR SEVEN BROTHERS...



HOW FINALLY BROADWAY?

ERIN... ABOUT THREE AND A HALF THOUSAND MILES. I LIVED IN A VILLAGE HALL NEAR WAKEFIELD...



ANYWAY, ONE THING LEADS TO ANOTHER - AND EVENTUALLY I WAS THROWN INTO HOLLYWOOD - HAVING A PICNIC ON CARY GRANT'S LAWN! I COULDN'T BELIEVE IT!



YOU KNOW - I'LL ALWAYS HAVE A SOFT SPOT FOR DEAR DAVID NIVEN. IN THESE DAYS HE WAS VERY FALLY WITH ERROL FLYNN...

I THOUGHT RIGHT THIS ONE PARTICULAR TIME THAT PULLED UP IN THIS FABULOUS BUCK ROADSTER...



AND DAVID NIVEN LOOKED AT ME AND - YOU KNOW - HE HAD THAT SMILE PLAYING ON HIS LIPS - AND HE LOOKED AT ME, AND I LOOKED AT DAVID NIVEN AND I WASHED IT UP WITH FOUR STARS AND CLEAN THE WINDSCREEN...



SO YOU NEVER GOT TO MEET GINGER ROGERS?



AND DID SHE HAVE ANY ADVICE FOR YOU?



SHE SAID "NIVEN'S THE ONE WITH THE FUR COLLAR."



DO YOU FIND - AS AN ACTOR WHO HAS HAD SUCH A LONG AND VARIED CAREER - THAT YOU CAN GIVE YOUNGER ACTORS THE BENEFIT OF YOUR EXPERIENCE?



INDEED, MANY OF THE YOUNGER GENERATION OF ACTORS SEE ME AS SOMETHING OF A FATHER FIGURE. IF YOU WILL, ONCE LAST YEAR I DIRECTED SUNSET EVERLASTING AT SHREWDYARD.



I SUPPOSE... I MEAN... IT MUST BE... IS IT EXCITING DOING LOVE SCENES?



WHAT WAS THE ATMOSPHERE LIKE WHEN THE CAMERAS STARTED ROLLING?



SADLY, WHERE'S JUST ABOUT OUT OF TIME - BUT FINALLY - WHICH FOR YOU, HAS BEEN THE MOST MAGICAL MOMENT OF YOUR LONG AND DISTINGUISHED CAREER?



WITHOUT A SHADOW OF A DOUBT IT WAS THE DAY MICHAEL ASHCROFT JUMPED OUT IN FRONT OF ME WITH THAT BIG RED BOOK IN HIS HAND - AND I TALKED THESE MAGICAL WORDS...



"OH, YOU HAVE YOU SEEN THIDRA HIRD ANYWHERE? WE'RE ON LIVE IN TEN MINUTES."



"WELL, CONGRATULATIONS, MR DARLING. YOU'VE GOT THE JOB. YOU START ON MONDAY."



MONDAY



"OH! BRING DEVA BRICKS OVER HERE, HEDDA GABOR! AND FORTY-FIVE ACTRESSES! GONE OFF!"



Get your hands on some booby prizes!

RUSS Meyer is regarded throughout the film world as someone who made daft movies starring women with dead big tits.

A smashing pair of Meyer movies must be won!

You may have seen censored snatches of movies such as *Faster Pussycat! Kill! Kill!* and *Supervixens* on the TV, and promptly switched channels. But now, for the very first time ever, you can see two of Meyer's daffest films in their original, totally uncut form. Previously considered 'too titty' by the UK censor, uncut versions of two of Meyer's movies are now available from video stores priced just £12.99.

Beneath the valley of the Supervixens, the last feature length film that Meyer directed, is widely regarded as being his horniest ever skin flick, featuring Kitten Natividad and Lola Langusta to name but four. *Cherry... & Harry & Raquel* is described as 'a mind blowing menage-a-trois' featuring a horny corrupt cop and a drug-running gangster, not to mention a bevy of bed busting babes'. We have 20 pairs of videos to give away. So if you're well endowed with knowledge about big boobs answer these questions and you might get your hands on a massive pair of movies.

1. Which big boobed former page 3 model made an even bigger boob than both of the ones in her bra put together by agreeing to co-host the ill fated 1988 Brit Music Awards?

(a) Linda Lusardi
(b) Sam Fox
(c) Angela Rippon

2. Swindon Tit Queen Melinda Messenger boobed by having her boobs made bigger. What happened as a result of her silicon implants?

(a) Her mum wouldn't talk to her any more.
(b) Her tits were both banned from page 3 of *The Sun*.
(c) One of her boobs exploded, injuring several passers by.



The lovely Melinda Messenger - who has nothing at all to do with the videos on offer.

3. The vicar of Stiffkey famously boobed during a visit to Blackpool. What did he do?
(a) Got drunk and had his cock tattooed.
(b) Took hormone therapy and grew an impressive pair of 42DD tits.
(c) Was eaten by a lion while delivering a sermon at the zoo.

4. King Charles II's royal baker John Farynor boobed one day in 1666. What did he do?
(a) Delivered 13 morning rolls to the king's table, instead of 12, thus creating the term 'a baker's dozen'.
(b) Started making 'Gazza' style false boobs out of uncooked dough and selling them to flat chested aristocratic ladies.
(c) Forgot to turn his oven off at bedtime and started the Great Fire of London.

5. What dreadful boob did Frenchman Nicholas Cugnot make in 1769?
(a) He built the Eiffel Tower - upside down - and had to start all over again.

(b) He looked at Marie Antoinette's boobs while measuring her for a frock, and was beheaded.

(c) He became the first ever car crash victim after hitting a brick wall at 2 miles per hour in a steam car.

6. Whose monumental boob brought about the infamous military disaster known as the Charge of the Light Brigade?

(a) Lord Archer
(b) Lord Lucan
(c) Lord Toothire



7. The killing of which Cheyenne chief - the first in a series of boobs by Colonel Custard - triggered the red Indian revolt which resulted in his eventual defeat at the battle of Little Big Horn?



(a) Big Chief Black Kettle
(b) Little Chief Copper Kettle
(c) Medium Sized Chief Brevet Sandwich Maker



Russ Meyer (above) and a bra busting brace of his quite frankly ridiculous and at times unwatchable movies.



8. Marbles missing cancer nosed zombie U.S. president Ronald Regan boobed when he met the late Princess Diana. How did he address her?
(a) "Princess David"
(b) "Your Royal Majesty"
(c) "Your Royal Anus"

11. In 1987 which goofy drink-drive TV weatherman was personally responsible for the hurricane which brought death and destruction to many parts of Britain?

(a) Michael Fish

12. Former Tory Minister Edwina Currie was left with egg on her chin - and two fried eggs on her daughter's tits - after committing which of the following famous boobs?

(a) She bought London Bridge and had it transported to Arizona, mistakenly thinking she was buying Tower Bridge.
(b) She got pissed up and said "Big tits" and "I like screwing" on Wogan.
(c) She said eggs had got salmon in them, or something like that.

Mark your answers 'Boobs' and send them to the usual address. The 20 first correct (or highest scoring) entries out of the hat will each receive a pair of videos. Competition closes November 7thish.

The TREE MUSKETEERS



Finbarr Saunders

22 MORE DOUBLE ENTENDRES



DEARLY BELOVED - WE ARE GATHERED HERE TODAY NOT ONLY TO CELEBRATE THE PASSING OF OUR FRIEND FINBARR SAUNDERS - BUT ALSO TO CELEBRATE HIS LIFE. ALTHOUGH THE LORD ONLY BLESSED HIM WITH A SHORT LIFE, HE MADE THE MAXIMUM PLEASURE OUT OF IT.



I FIRST MET FINBARR WHEN HE CAME TO MY CHURCH TO HAVE A BASS-RUBBING OF OUR SPLENDID EFFIGY OF ST. TALBOT. THERE HE WAS, DOWN ON HIS KNEES, RUBBING AWAY FRANTICALLY AT HIS HELMET.



APRIL'S THE HAPPY MONTH AFTERNOON ME AND THE VERGEE HAVE SPENT HELPING THE YOUNG CANDIAN DOLGISTS TO PEEL THEIR BELLS.



I CAN STILL SEE HIM NOW, STANDING IN THE BELLRY WITH A BIG GRIN ON HIS FACE, TUGGING AWAY AT HIS FURRY STRINGS FOR A ALL HE WAS WORKIN'.



FINBARR USED TO RING THE FAMOUS BASS BELL OF ST. TALBOT. HE WAS ALWAYS VERY PROUD THAT WHEN HE SCRATCHED HIS CLAMPER, HE GOT THE BIGGEST BANG IN THE DIOCESE.



HE WAS A KIEN GARDENER - AND ALWAYS BROUGHT SOME OF HIS PRODUCE TO THE HARVEST FESTIVAL AFTERWARDS. THE LOCAL DADS AND MUMS WOULD WAIT FOR HIM TO COME ALONE AND PUSH HIS PLUMS THROUGH THEIR LETTERBOXES.



FINBARR WAS A BIZARRE LAD - WHO WASN'T AFRAID OF HARD WORK, ONLY LAST WEEK HE VOLUNTEERED TO OPERATE THE HUMAN BELLONS ON THE CHURCH HARMONIUM. AFTERWARD, ROTHWELL STRAINED HIS EYES. THOUGH HE MAY SAY IT HIMSELF, HE NEVER FORGOT THE SIGHT OF HIM ENTHUSIASTICALLY PUMPING AWAY AT MR. ROTHWELL'S TIRED OLD ORGAN, DESPERATELY TRYING TO GET SOME JOY OUT OF IT.



SABOT WITHOUT SUCCESS



HE WAS ALSO A KIEN PALEONTOLOGIST, SPENDING MANY HAPPY HOURS WITH HIS FRIEND MR. QUILLET, SCRUTINISING THE BEACH FOR DINOSAUR REMAINS. I REMEMBER FINDING THEM ONCE - HIDDEN AMONGST THE BONES - AND FINBARR'S EYES WERE GLAZED OVER, EXCITED AS A KID. QUILLET WAS ABLE TO SHOW HIM THE ENORMOUS BONE THAT HE HAD CONCEALED IN HIS TROUSERS.



AND IT WAS, SABOT, ON ONE OF THESE FOSSIL-HUNTING EXPEDITIONS THAT FINBARRE MET HIS BIZARRE AND UNTIMELY DEATH.



HE AND MR. QUILLET HAD SPOTTED THE SKULL OF A TRICERATOPS HALFWAY UP A TREACHEROUS CLIFF, ARMED ONLY WITH A GEOLOGIST'S AXE. FINBARR CHANGED UP THIS REASIN' SECTION PACE. HE LODGED HIS FLUMSY TOOL IN A MOSY CRACK AND ATTEMPTED TO GET THE HORN BY FRANTICALLY JIGGLING IT FROM SIDE TO SIDE.



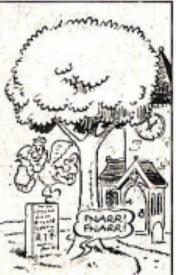
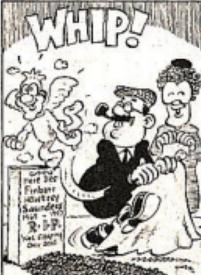
SUDOROUS - AND WITHOUT WARNING, THE END CAME OFF IN HIS HAND. HIS LITTLE CHOPPER PUNCTURED OUT A HOLE IN HIS HEAD. FINBARR WENT DOWN ON MR. QUILLET'S LAP, WAS CROUCHING ON A LEDGE BELOW.



THIS TOOK MR. QUILLET BY SURPRISE AND TO HIS LASTING REGRET, HE INSTINCTIVELY THROWN FINBAR OFF, LEAVING A TERRIBLE MESS ON THE ROCKS BELOW.



AND NOW, IF THE FALL-BEARERS WOULD CARE TO COME AND TAKE IT, I'D APPRECIATE IT. THE CORNFEDERAL - WE WILL COMMIT HIS BODY TO THE GRAVE.



WHIP!

AND NOW I'M PLANTING A SMALL TREE BY WHICH WE CAN REMEMBER FINBARRE.

I SUGAR! THEN IT'S BACK TO MINE FOR A HAM, SHANK AND A SAVAGE SANDWICH, EH MR. QUILLET.

10 YEARS LATER...

100 YEARS LATER...

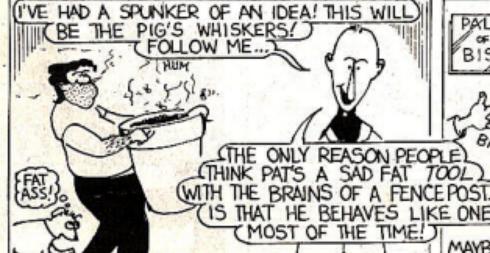
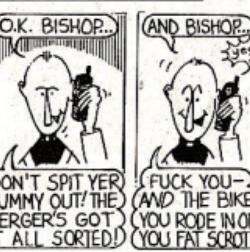
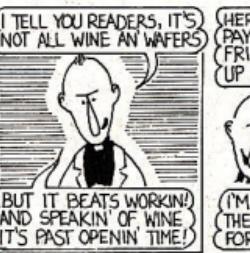
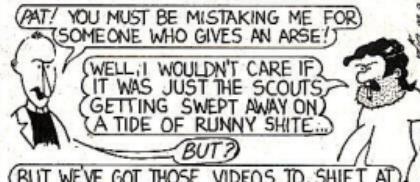
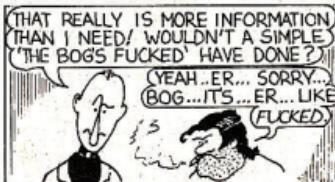
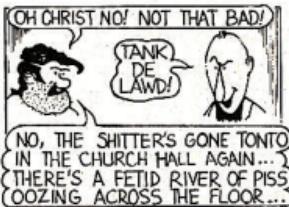
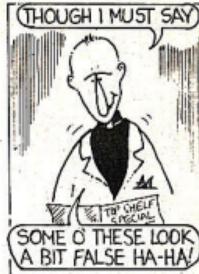
THANK YOU FOR CARVING THE HEARTSTONE.

MEMORIAL STONE - MARYANN IS ANOTHER OF MY HOBBIES. I'VE CARVED FINBARRE A SWEET LITTLE STONE, OUT OF THE FINEST TUSCAN MARBLE. A STONE RIZZED SURF AND CONTRASTING AZURE STROSS-BANDONE.

FINBARRE & FINBARRE

PAUL WHICKER
THE
TALL VICAR

The Return of
PAT BERGER
THE FAT VERGER ~
AND A MULTITUDE OF OATHS



Jack Black and the Boxing Kangaroo



The summer holidays were here again at last once more, and young Jack Black and his dog Silver were staying with Aunt Meg on 'Saucy Sue', her gaily painted houseboat on the Norfolk Broads.

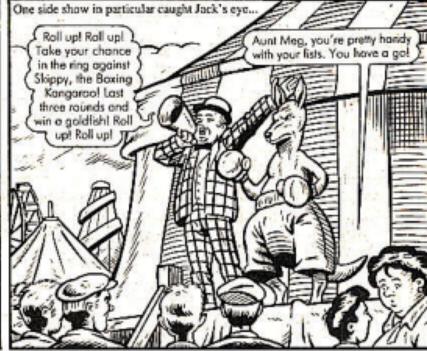
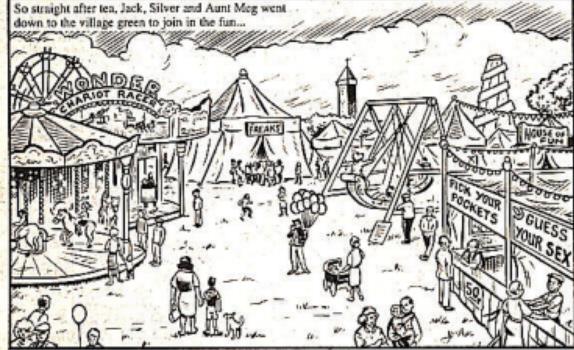
One morning, Jack was sitting on the deck eating his breakfast...

Look, Silver! A travelling fair. How exciting! Can we go this evening after tea please, Aunt Meg?

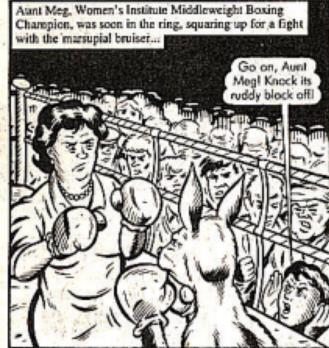
Oh, I expect so, young Jack



So straight after tea, Jack, Silver and Aunt Meg went down to the village green to join in the fun...



Aunt Meg, Women's Institute Middleweight Boxing Champion, was soon in the ring, squaring up for a fight with the marsupial bruiser...



The crowd cheered as the old lady floated around the ring like a butterfly, tiring the kangaroo...



...before stinging like a bee, catching the brute a teeth-loosening blow to the jaw, knocking it out cold.



I can't understand it. He's not won a fight for months and months. It's costing me a fortune in goldfish. I'll be ruined at this rate

Well, he certainly didn't put up much of a fight

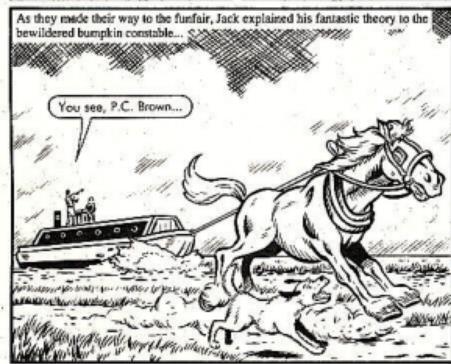
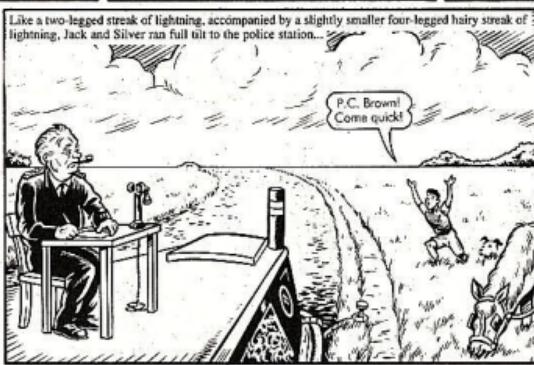
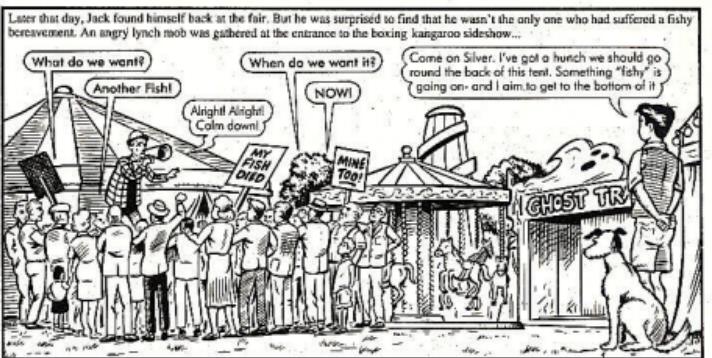


That night, as Jack drifted off to sleep in his hammock, his mind was a whirl of excitement, planning future adventures with his new goldfish friend.



But the next morning...





...Under cover of darkness, the fish fly out of their bowls and eat any fifty pence pieces they find, before flying back to their bowls and choking on the coins. The next morning, their owners find them dead and flushed down the toilet...

...The thief, meanwhile, is in his flip-flops at the beach with a sieve, where he simply collects the fish as they fall out the sewer outlet and removes the coins.

Eventually...

Here, Jack. Take this and bludgeon the hapless beast to a pulp while I clamber into his pouch to make good the arrest.

No need, P.C. Brown. All we need to coax our villain out is this

A Sousaphone?

The lad blew the huge instrument for all he was worth...

OOOPPAH! OOPPAH! OOPPAH! OOPPAH!

Hmmmm! Das oopphah music ist gut!

Unable to resist!
I am being!
Reminding me
off zo Boorovian
gut times it is!



GRAB GIFT

Simple. To evade capture, Mengel needed the glasses, nose and moustache disguise from this lucky grab crane in the fairground pony arcade. But every failed attempt to grab it cost him another 50p.

Damn und Blitz him! He is - mrrrright. Since 1945 to grab ze comedy disguise trying I half been



What? You mean like this?

Ha! Ha! Ha!

Daft! It more than I can stand is

Ha! Ha! Ha! It looks like 50 years
in a kangaroo's pouch has left
him 'hopping' mad, P.C. Brown

Yes, Jack. Ha! Ha! Come on, let's take
him back to the station and hang him



The End